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Shelf oil cloth, three yards for. 25c
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Dresser scarfs, regular 50c; now. 30c
Pearl buttons, one dozen to card. 5c
Any of our toilet soaps, each. 5c
Vaseline, per bottle, each. 5c
Face powder, per box. 15c

For Woman's Eye

BY A WOMAN HATER

When women argue they like to argue that they don't.

Homeliness is a virtue that only pretty girls can appreciate.

A girl can't fool a man by talking like a middle-aged woman.

Before altering her complexion a woman always makes up her mind.

The girl who marries her ideal generally lives to realize that she didn't.

How can a man have undying love for a woman who dyes her hair?

The way a girl likes to be kissed best is the way she pretends she doesn't.

Our idea of a hypocrite is a married man who pretends to feel sorry for a bachelor.

The more a woman is set in her ways and opinions, the more she resents being told of it.

Even if a woman has naturally curly hair, she can always find something else to worry about.

Almost any man can marry money if he is willing to take a widow older than he is along with it.

Every woman knows she is shrewd enough to manage successfully any kind of business she cares to engage in.

It's the easiest thing in the world for a bachelor to get engaged to a young widow; all he has to do is to give her half a show.

Green Hats for Girls

The olive green hats that have topped the heads of young men the first few days this fall have been taken up with enthusiasm by young girls.

Some of these have the pheasant's wing in the front, just as it was worn in the Alps. The hat is used by girls for school wear in the same rakish way of the summer Panama.

It looks very well with the first fall coat suit and is far more becoming than the stiff sailor or the floppy Corday.

Velvet Empire Belts

Dead white cloth, chiffon cloth, and silk, will be used this winter for elaborate indoor garments. To give these color, a wide, soft belt of velvet is to be added. The effect is quite vivid.

The smart women in Paris have been wearing these belts constantly at the races during the last few weeks, and there seems little doubt that the fashion will be taken up here.

It is about four inches wide, is not folded, but left quite plain. It may be of ribbon or of shaped velvet in the piece. It is put around the figure just below the bust and simply hooked at the back or front under a flap. This is all there is to it, but it is quite effective and new.

Milinery Musings

Felt is seen occasionally, but the hat of the moment is satin, ottoman, or cloth.

Somber is the motto of the millinery season, and there are more dark hats seen than for a decade.

Plumes, wings and aigrettes are demitones in medium tones of blue, green, purple, and other serious shades.

Ottoman is more to the front than for years and velvet is often covered with folds of mousseline of the same shade.

Nile green and a noncommittal shade known as aubergine, or egg plant, are finding favor, and form a combination almost universally becoming.

Khaki, buff, suede, and all tones of yellow are in vogue for the late hats, and, although a little too brazen by themselves, are effective when toned down by another color.

Day of the Crumpled Gown

If one would be fashionable one must be mussed! That is the edict which has recently gone forth from Paris, and as a result, the revenue of laundresses is falling off, and the woman with the crumpled dress is the climatic note of fashion.

This edict is a logical outcome of the fact that for some time starch has not been tolerated in the lingerie gowns. As it was impossible to keep an unstarched gown uncrinkled for more than fifteen minutes, the Parisienne bowed to the inevitable and decided that, anyway, it was sort of provincial and Sunday best to have your muslins and things all starched and unwrinkled. Consequently the disheveled gown is now the triumphant note in woman's wardrobe.

Reflections of a Bachelor Girl

Marriage is the Keeley Cure for love's intoxication. It's almost as difficult to entice a single man into a flirtation nowadays as it is to keep a married man out of one.

A man regards a woman as a small boy does a Christmas stocking; she retains her fascination for him only as long as he doesn't know what's coming next.

If Adam was as particular about his wife's reputation as most men, he must have felt worse about the bite Eve took from the apple than he did about all the rest of it himself.

A man never positively decides that he won't marry a girl until he has positively decided that she expects him to.

There wouldn't be any need for anti-divorce laws if there were a few anti-marriage laws which would make people think twice before they got married once.

It's such a shock to a woman to marry "a man of steel" and wake up afterward to find herself tied to nothing but a piece of scrap iron.

Once upon a time there was a man who offered his seat in a street car to an unattractive middle-aged lady—but this is only a fairy tale!

FROM WOMAN'S POINT OF VIEW

When the prospective Empress of a nation considers it a part of her duty to direct the lives of her babes, despite the presence of governesses and nurses, directs the domestic machinery of a castle, and wins the admiration of her corps of cooks by her knowledge and skill in that department of housekeeping, it is time for American wives to mend their careless ways. American mothers are not always personally devoted to their babies, are not always capable housewives, or even desirous of making homes of any kind, and are very far from taking even a reasonable interest in the most important department of home-making—cooking. There are cooking schools in numbers, too.

A mother who intrusts her child to a careless maid is very culpable. Accidents may happen when precautions are taken but the risk is very small. The grave danger comes from strangers, of whom the women who hire them know little and care scarcely none. This is the firm conviction of the mother of a crippled son who owes his injury to a girl who stopped to gossip with a male acquaintance and a runaway baby carriage which overturned at the top of an embankment.

Responsibility should not be placed on irresponsible shoulders. The abounding I am free to confess, but their number is largely due to the fact that carelessness is tolerated and even rewarded. There are women of opposite traits earning wages sided by side, one doing her faithful best and the other shirking at every opportunity. The employer is responsible for this state, but if carelessness was sternly put down it would dwindle in proportion.

The daughters of wealth and station in other countries are trained for their part in the world, and trained severely. I doubt if the equal of an American girl I once knew could be found in all Europe. She was reared in luxury and absolute ignorance of useful matters, and it was the mother's boast that the girl had not the faintest idea of the process of making a bed. I know that she never put away an article or tried to find one herself.

A nice specimen of womanhood to launch into a busy world, truly. Fancy the husband and child of such a woman, even in a luxurious home! There are times when paid assistance will not suffice, and a helpless woman is worse than nothing, because she is irritating. It never yet hurt a girl to be useful, to learn useful things and commonplace knowledge which is needed in every-day life is not superfluous, even when money is plentiful. No governess or maid can take the place of a parent in a child's heart.

BETTY BRADEN.

Gaudy Belts Much Favored

Because of the fashion for gaudy colors, the embroidered belt is the fashion of many.

It will be worn all winter with cloth coat suits, as well as with indoor blouse frocks. It is made on linen, or silk, or satin.

White is used as the foundation, but it cannot be worn except on gowns of white or pastel shades.

The design is strong and forceful; nothing florid is used. The colors are scarlet, yellow, black, dull blue, purple and gold, and brown.

The belt is lined, as it does not then pull into a string around the waist. It is run through a slender, ornamental buckle in front.

An Effective Curling Fluid

Since it is the fashionable thing to wear the hair in large waves at all times, women have hunted in vain for good curling fluids that will take the place of the marcel iron in summer.

So far, no one has found a formula that is infallible, but the following one has been tried with good success. It is not simple, and therefore the majority may not care to indulge in it.

It is made of five-eighths of a dram of carbonate of potash, half a dram of ammonia water, two drams of extract of violet, an ounce of glycerine, three-quarters of an ounce of rectified spirits and half a pint of water.

The mixture stands bottled for ten days, and is then strained. To use, the hair is moistened and then tied down in large waves, which are combed out as soon as it dries.

THE YOUNG TELEGRAPHER.

(Original.)

Marion of the Revolutionary war and Morgan of the civil war occupy similar positions in history. General John Morgan started on his military career as commander of a company of young Confederates and operated all ways in the middle southwest. His career was full of daring. He would approach a Union picket, assuming to be a Federal officer, reprimand him for some negligence, get possession of his musket and thus capture single handed a whole picket post.

It was during the campaign of General Halleck against Quaker guns at Corinth that Morgan was operating in Halleck's rear in western Tennessee, harassing lines of communication. This is a very important service. An army must be fed. That means that the avenues of communication must be kept open and the supplies passing over them to the men at the front must be protected. In this work an important feature to the protecting force was the telegraph.

The telegraph office at the town of P., a station on the railroad supplying the army before Corinth, was in charge of Tom Venable, who lived with his family on the upper floor of the two story station building, the telegraph and ticket office being below. One night when Venable was in his office sending the dispatches necessary to get a heavy train load of supplies south he heard a tap on the window pane. Looking up, there stood a man in Confederate uniform covering him with the muzzle of his pistol. The officer had tapped with the pistol to attract Venable's attention and ordered him to throw up the cash. Venable did so, and the officer climbed in at the window.

"I'm John Morgan," he said. Morgan usually declared himself in this fashion. It was the best possible way of striking an enemy with terror.

Meanwhile the station was surrounded by Confederate cavalrymen. Morgan put his own telegraph at the key, who began to telegraph the train Venable had been in communication with. The conductor had been warned that the Confederates were making a raid in the region and was waiting to be assured that it was safe to advance. Morgan's telegraph sent a dispatch that Morgan had gone off in an easterly direction and an order signed by a Union commander for the train to come on.

Now, there is a hero to this story, though he is asleep in his bed above the telegraph office. But a clatter beneath awakes him. Being not over thirteen years old, he doesn't awake in a hurry, but his mother helps him by telling him that the station is in possession of the dead Morgan. Jimmie Venable was of a scientific mind and had already a miniature telegraph outfit in his own little room. His circuit was but ten feet and was confined to the room, but it was big enough to play with, and he knew the dot and line alphabet. His father was a prisoner downstairs, but he heard his mother say that doubtless Morgan had captured the telegraph in order to decoy a train into a trap and destroy the supplies intended for the Union army.

Jimmie got an idea. The telegraph wires passed within ten feet of his window before entering the office below. He told his mother what he intended to do, and she helped him. He took his wire, tied a hairbrush to one end of it, threw it over the line wire and completed his circuit by means of a lead pipe extending to the ground. It didn't make a very good connection, but it sufficed. He didn't know the calls of stations nor what station to call. He waited till there was comparative quiet below, then clicked: "P. station. Morgan here." This he repeated several times. It was heard at several stations up the road, and the conductor of the train was advised of it at once.

One man heard it for whom it was not intended. That was the Confederate operating in the office below Jimmie's room. He was sitting near the key when he heard the words clicked and knew that some one had outwitted him. He notified his commander, and a search was made, and Jimmie's hairbrush was seen dangling from the main wire. It told them the story. Going upstairs, they discovered Jimmie's device. The general was the first to enter the room. Jimmie was still at his key.

"Have you been sending information to the enemy?" he asked.

"Yes, I have," said Jimmie proudly.

He did not know the extent of the service he had rendered, but was sure he had done something valuable to his cause.

"Do you know what we do with little boys who are spies?" asked Morgan.

"No."

"Well, it's something very terrible. But in this case the boy is a very bright, brave little chap, and we will give him something for candy."

He drew a roll of Confederate bills from his pocket, picked out a ten dollar note and handed it to Jimmie.

"H-m!" said Jimmie, looking at it contemptuously. "Tain't worth a United States fifty cent postal stamp."

This postal currency was used during the war in lieu of silver.

Morgan laughed, took out a roll of greenbacks, doubtless captured money, and handing a five dollar note to the boy, went downstairs and rode away, followed by his troopers.

For saving the train Jimmie afterward received a much larger reward from the United States government.

NORMAN P. WHITE.

SUICIDE OF INDIAN AT GILA CROSSING

RECENTLY RELEASED FROM PENITENTIARY AFTER SERVING TEN YEARS, BECOMES POSSESSOR OF STRANGE IDEA.

PHOENIX, October 30.—Dr. Richards, of the Gila river reservation, who came to Phoenix yesterday, brought the news of the suicide of George Alkire, an Indian, a few days ago. This redskin had been recently released from the pen, where he served a ten-year sentence, and somehow got the idea in his head that he was to be arrested again for some offense and sent over the road. He thought that the easiest way out of it was by killing himself.

He shot himself twice, the first shot not being fatal. The last shot went into the breast and pierced the heart. Death was almost instantaneous. The Indians, not knowing enough to call a coroner, immediately buried the suicide.

Read the pain formula on a box of Pink Pain Tablets. Then ask your Doctor if there is a better one. Pain means congestion—blood pressure somewhere. Dr. Shoop's Pink Pain Tablets check head pains, womanly pains, pain anywhere. Try one, and see! 20 for 25c. Sold by Palace Pharmacy.

Sultans' have a big new stock of covered buttons.

Go to Dreamland tonight. Moving pictures and roller skating.

FOR SALE
COMPUTING SCALE, Stimpson make. Also cash register and fourteen-foot counter; bargain. Gamble's Cash Store.

EIGHT GIRLS INJURED IN CINCINNATI BLAZE

BURSTING HOSE ADDS TO CONSTERNATION OF YOUNG WOMEN IMPRISONED IN UPPER STORIES OF BURNING OFFICE BUILDING.

CINCINNATI, Oct. 30.—A fire panic caused several girl employees in offices in the eleventh story of the Neave building, corner Fourth and Race streets, to leap from the windows, at noon today. At least eight were hurt, several very seriously, while one of the firemen was also badly burned. Fire started on the sixth floor, the flames soon bursting from the windows. Five times the hose burst and added to the panic among the girls who appeared at the windows as high as the eighth floor, where many of them could be seen preparing to leap to the ground as the firemen arrived. The corner is one of the busiest in the retail section and the street was quickly clogged with crowds, and for a time there was difficulty in fighting the fire.

Miss Louise Boutet, a dressmaker on the tenth floor, leaped from a window on that floor to the adjoining roof on the fifth floor level and was badly injured. Miss Marie Brandt ran through the flames and was seriously injured about the head and arms. Most of the injured suffered from contact with the flames, although several were cut by glass.

Among the injured were:

IRENE LUCAS, painfully burned.

MARIE MARTY, burned and cut.

HILDA BOELER, burned.

CHAS. WIEBERDING, tailor, burned.

LOUIS PURTEN, fireman, badly hurt by fall from second story.

MISS HOLLANDER, floor lady in dressmaking rooms, badly burned about head and arms.

ANNA BOULDANGER, badly burned.

THE CITIZEN'S BANK OF GLOBE DOES A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS AND SOLICITS YOUR ACCOUNT.—S. F. SULLENBERGER, PRES.

When you have a cold you may be sure that it has been caused indirectly by constipation and consequently you must first of all take something to move the bowels. That is what has made Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup so successful and so generally demanded.

It does not constipate like most of the old-fashioned cough cures, but on the other hand it gently moves the bowels and at the same time heals irritation and allays inflammation of the throat. Sold by Hanna's Drug Store and Palace Pharmacy.

Moving pictures at Dreamland to night.

Private dancing class now open. Tuesdays and Thursdays. Maurel Hill. Phone 1933.

Mrs. A.—Are you going on the 10th?

Mrs. B.—Yes, indeed. Are you?

Mrs. A.—Most certainly.

Mrs. B.—Very well. I will meet you there at 7:30 p. m.

SAYINGS OF MRS. SOLOMON.

Being the Confessions of the Seven Hundredth Wife.)

TRANSLATED BY MAUD MARIE

I charge thee, my daughter, when love beginneth, question not any man how it will end; for it is only in the beginning of things that a man is interested, even in the cream off the jug, the bubble of the champagne, the mat on the peach, and—the first kiss of a woman.

Therefore, he windeth the alarm clock and setteth it for the finish of whatever he contemplateth, from a morning nap to love's young dream. Thus only he getteth out of a flirtation before he getteth too far in. Mark ye his wisdom!

When he beginneth to break his engagements.

When he shorteneth his calls.

When he observeth not that thou stirrest with others.

When he loseth the drift of conversation.

When he yawneth at half-past nine and taketh out his watch.

Then, ah, then, the alarm clock soundeth and love ringeth off!

Yet what mattereth the end? Is not the end of the cream but skimmed milk, and the end of a cigar the butt, and the end of a peach a stone, and the end of champagne dregs, and the end of love a quarrel—or a two-by-four flat and a mother-in-law? And which of these would ye choose?

Yet a woman clingeth to anything from love to an argument as a terrier to an old shoe. She stoppeth her ears, she heedeth not the signs.

Yea, believe, my daughter, aman goeth into a love affair as he goeth into a game of billiards. When the game is won he loseth interest—and seeketh new game.

For love is as a feast, which the wise enjoyeth while it lasteth and regretteth not when it is over, nor bothered about the bill. Sciah!

Consumption Statistics

Prove that a neglected cold or cough puts the lungs in so bad a condition that consumption germs find a fertile field for fastening on one. Stop the cough just as soon as it appears with Ballard's Horehound Syrup. Soothes the torn and inflamed tissues and makes you well again. Sold by Palace Pharmacy.

A vote for J. S. Miles means a vote for lower taxes.

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Analyses and assays of all kinds.
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We Sell Vinol

on the positive guarantee that if it does not give satisfaction we will return the entire amount of money paid us for it.

We ask all those who are run-down, nervous, debilitated, aged or weak, and every person suffering from stubborn colds, hanging-on coughs, bronchitis or incipient consumption to try Vinol with this understanding.

For sale in Globe by
THE PALACE PHARMACY.

DR. H. A. SCHELL
Arizona's Leading
Optician,
TUCSON, ARIZONA.

Send broken glasses to be repaired or duplicated. Next visit to Globe in December or January.

SUPPOSE YOU WERE A GLOBE MERCHANT—

Suppose you had a store in Globe and dealt in merchandise that figured in the daily needs of the public.

Suppose you wanted to let everybody know about your store, your location, your business policy and your merchandise.

Suppose that each day you had bargains to offer and wanted the public to know it. And every merchant surely has.

Shouldn't you tell about these bargains and thereby endeavor to get more people interested in your store?

Don't your figure it a good policy to use the advertising columns of The Silver Belt and have their readers come to your store to get the bargains offered?

Surely you do, Mr. Merchant. If you are not now advertising for the patronage of the readers of The Silver Belt, you are losing business daily and I can prove it to you. Telephone and I'll call.

DAILY SILVER BELT

By E. S. KELLOGG,

Advertising Manager.

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